



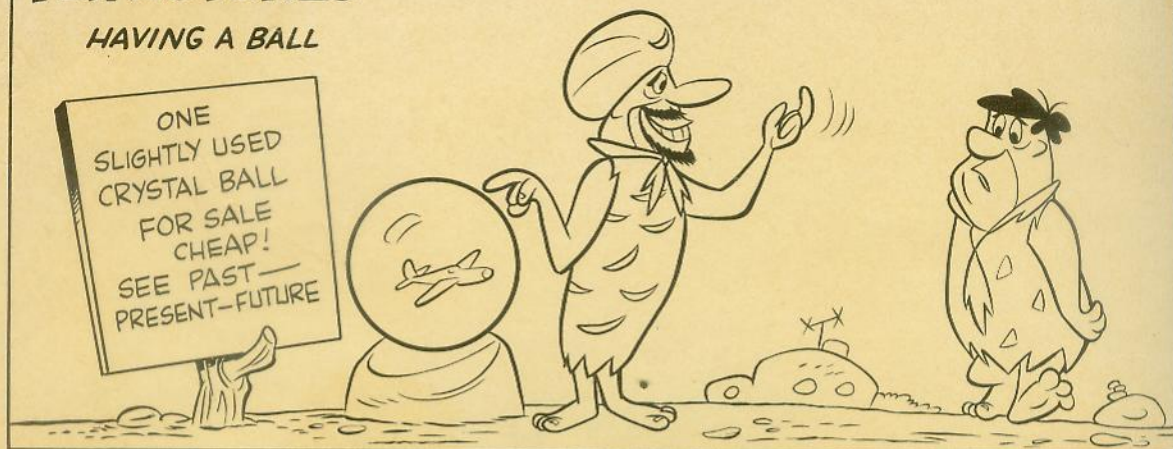
FEBRUARY

THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES

HAVING A BALL



THE FLINTSTONES CIRCUS DAZE

YES, THAT'S RIGHT! OUR DEAR LITTLE NEPHEW, RODNEY, IS VISITING WITH US WHILE HIS FOLKS ARE OUT OF TOWN... OH, HE'S NO TROUBLE... HE'S IN SCHOOL NOW...

BUT THAT'S WHAT SHE THINKS...

OH, BOY! THIS IS THE DAY THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN!

I'M SORRY I DITCHED SCHOOL TODAY, BUT I JUST HAD TO SEE THE PARADE!

YIPPEE! THERE'S MY HERO, THE HUMAN CANNON BALL! I WANT TO GROW UP TO BE JUST LIKE HIM!

AND NEARBY...

I HOPE WILMA DOESN'T FIND OUT I TOOK THE DAY OFF WORK, BUT I JUST LOVE PARADES!

HELLO, MR. CANNONBALL! HELLO!

RODNEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN SCHOOL!

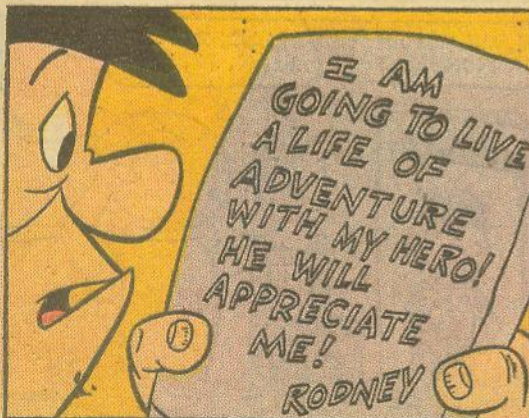
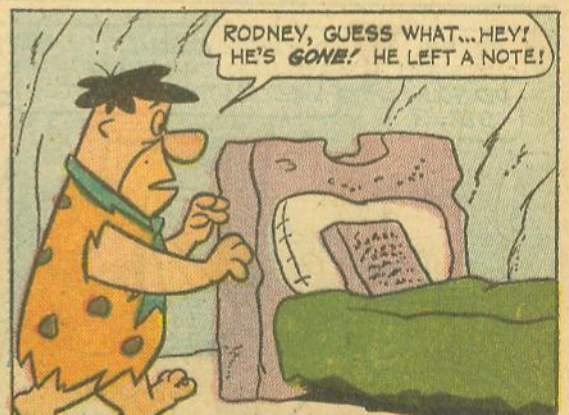
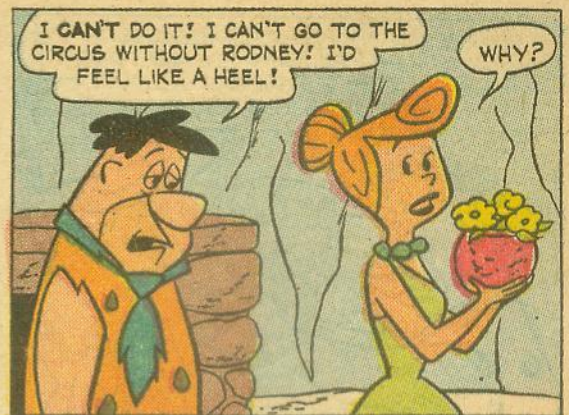
UHP! I-I JUST WANTED TO SEE MY IDOL, THE HUMAN CANNON BALL!

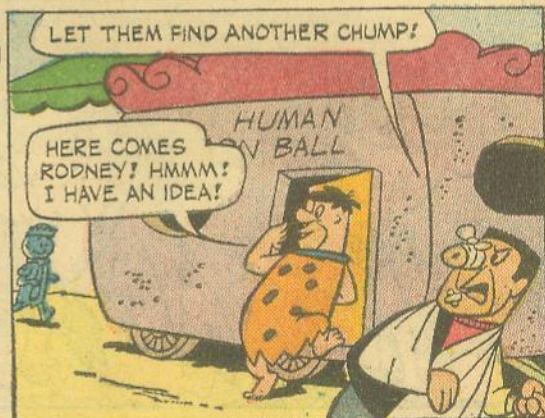
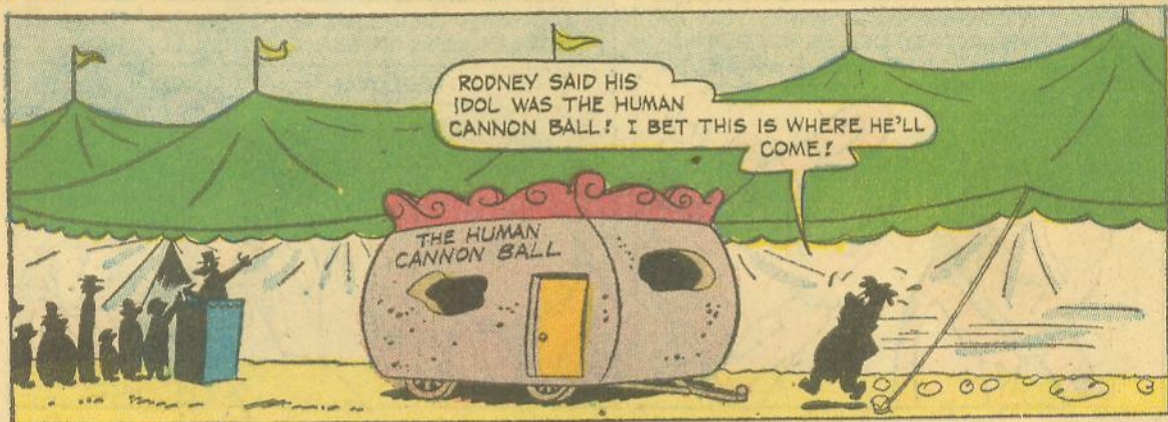
SAY, UNCLE FRED, AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE AT WORK NOW?

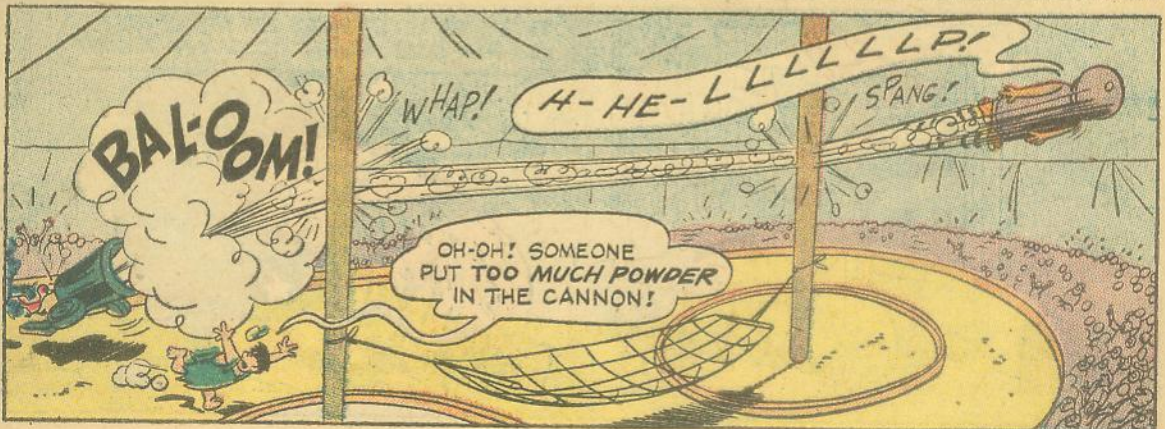
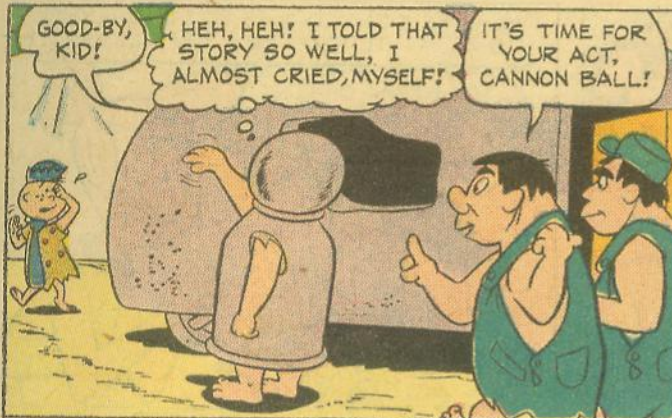
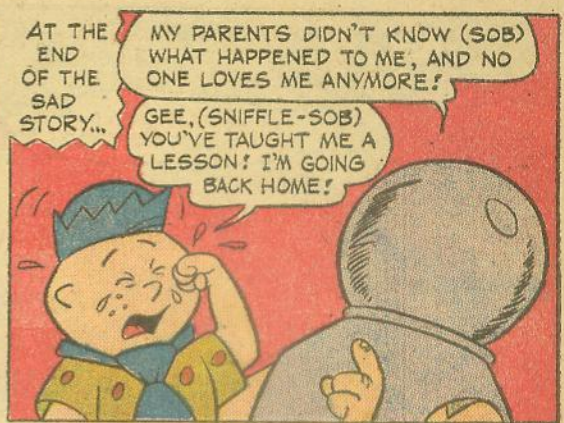
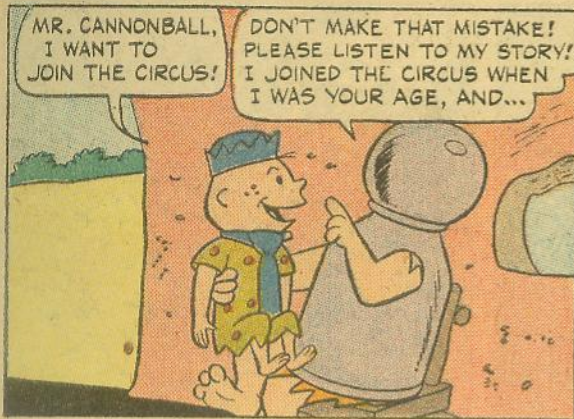
WELL, I... ER, (AHEM) THAT IS...

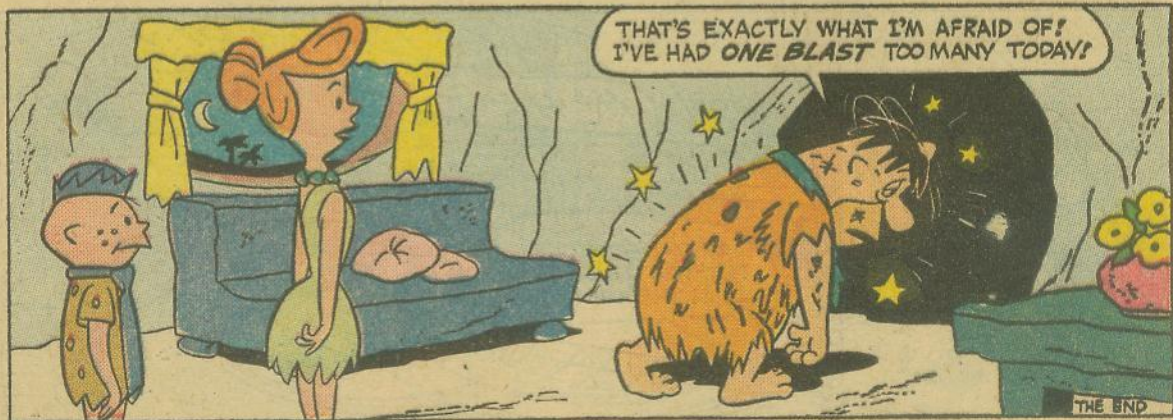
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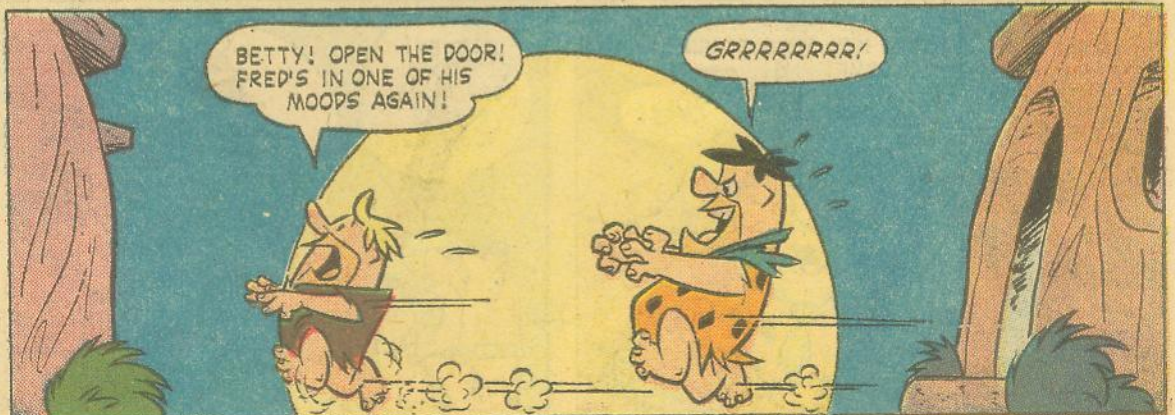
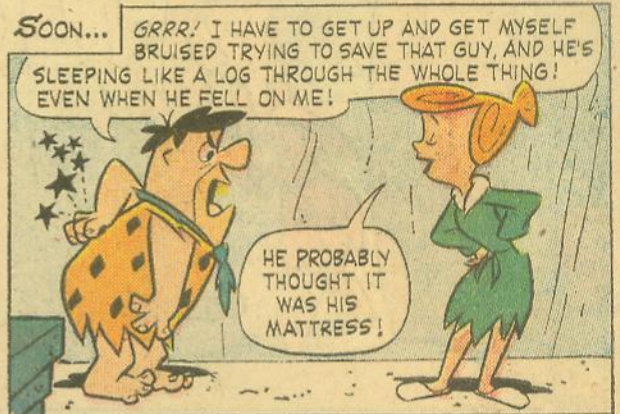




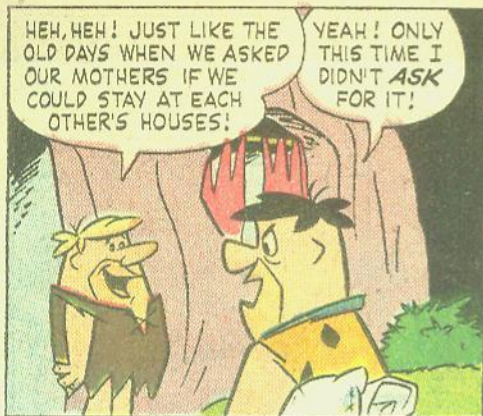
THE FLINTSTONES

STROLLING BY STARLIGHT

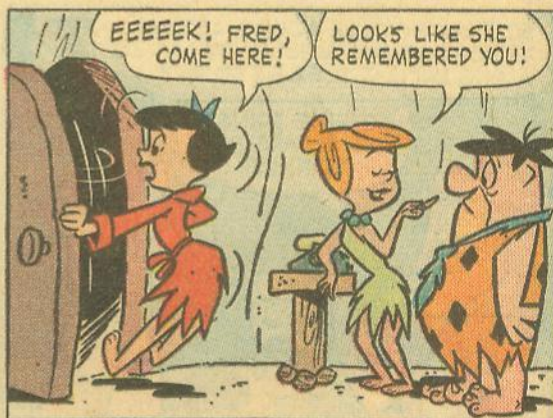
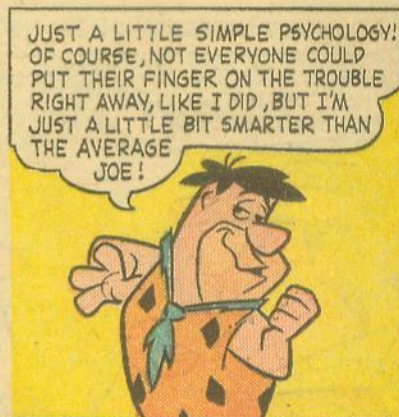




NEXT NIGHT...





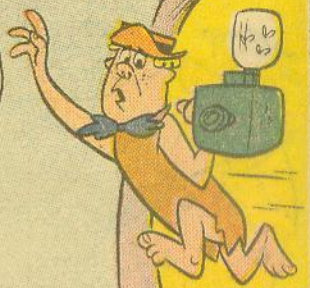


PERRY GUNNITE

OUT OF THE PICTURE

MR. GUNNITE! I NEED YOUR HELP!

SORRY, KID! I'M WORKING ON ANOTHER CASE RIGHT NOW! SEE THE POLICE!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'M NOT HERE BECAUSE I WANT A CRIME SOLVED!

WELL, I DON'T GIVE HAIRCUTS! WHAT ARE YOU HERE FOR?



I'M TRYING TO GET A JOB AS A REPORTER FOR THE DAILY SLAB! THE EDITOR SAID HE'D HIRE ME IF I CAME IN WITH A BIG SCOOP WITH PICTURES!

SO?



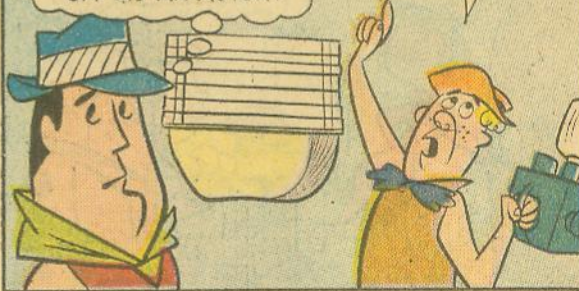
SO, I KNOW YOU'RE ALWAYS AROUND WHERE THINGS HAPPEN! WOULD YOU LET ME TAG ALONG UNTIL I GET A BIG STORY?

NOTHING DOING! THIS IS DANGEROUS BUSINESS!



PLEASE, MR. GUNNITE! THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE! DON'T LET ME DOWN! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A REPORTER!

I THINK HE'D BE BETTER OFF AS AN ACTOR!



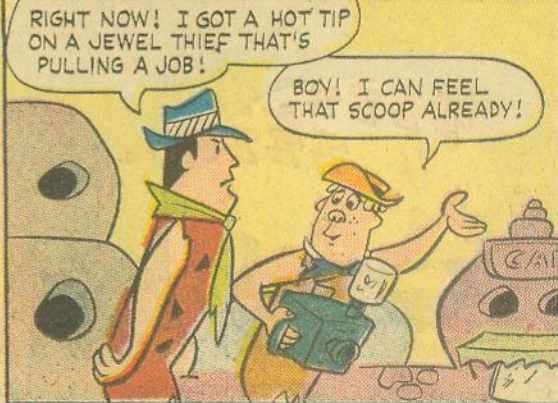
OKAY! BUT IT'S AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGMENT!

YOU WON'T BE SORRY! WHEN DO WE START?

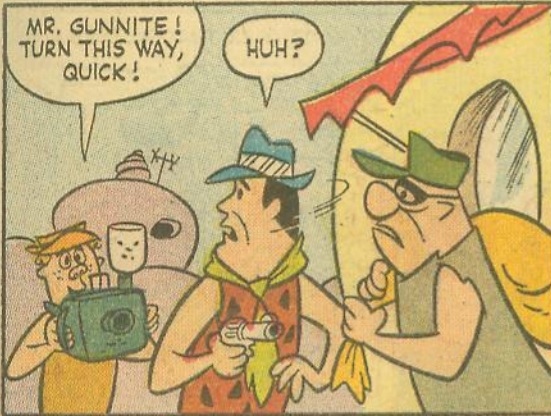


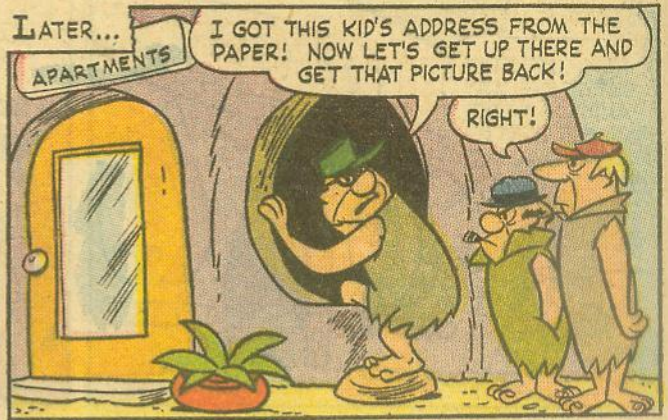
RIGHT NOW! I GOT A HOT TIP ON A JEWEL THIEF THAT'S PULLING A JOB!

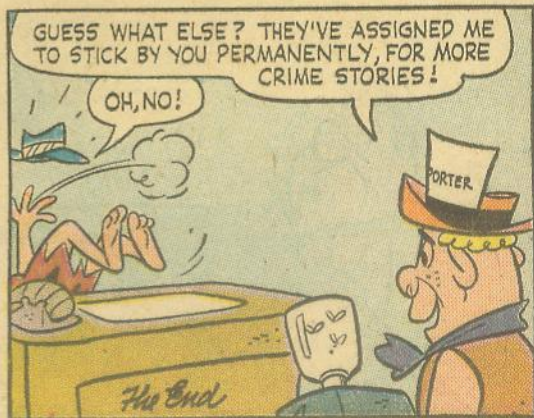
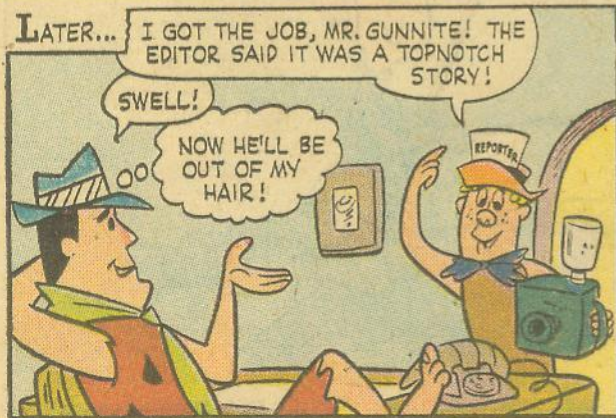
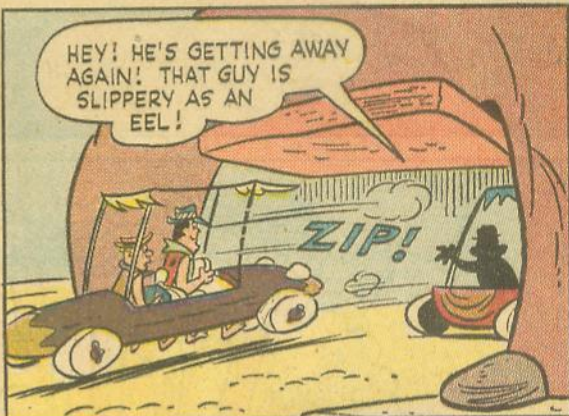
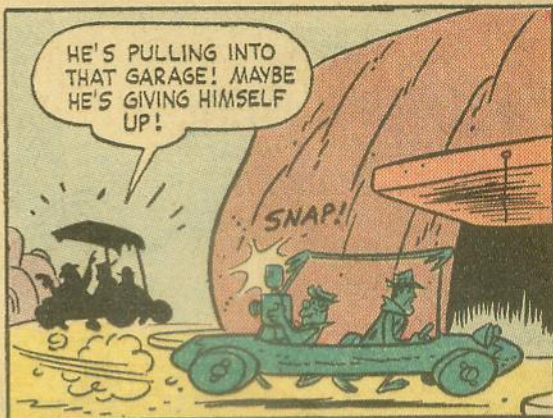
BOY! I CAN FEEL THAT SCOOP ALREADY!



SHORTLY...

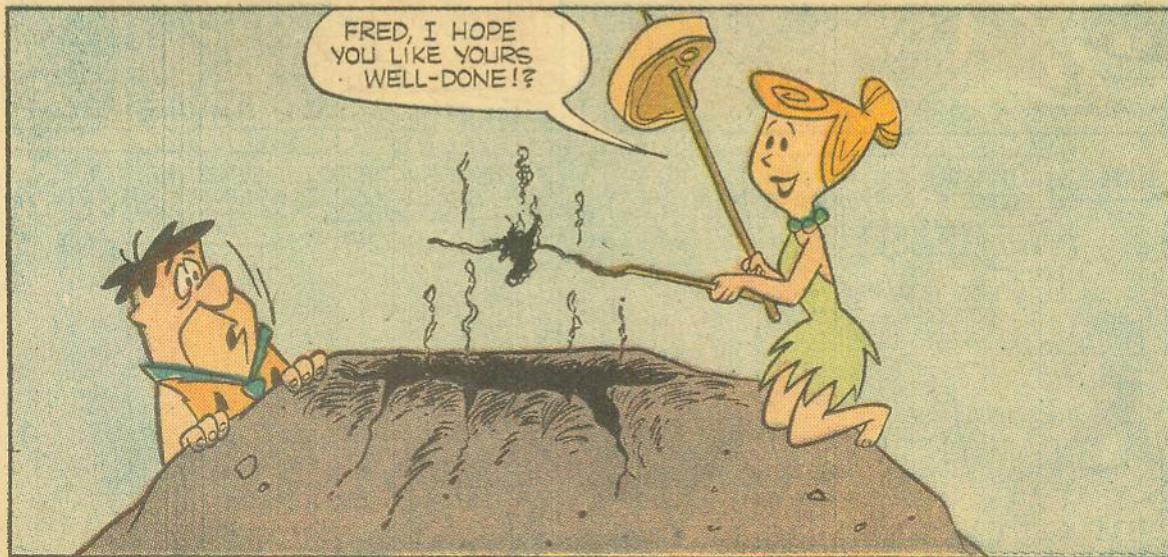
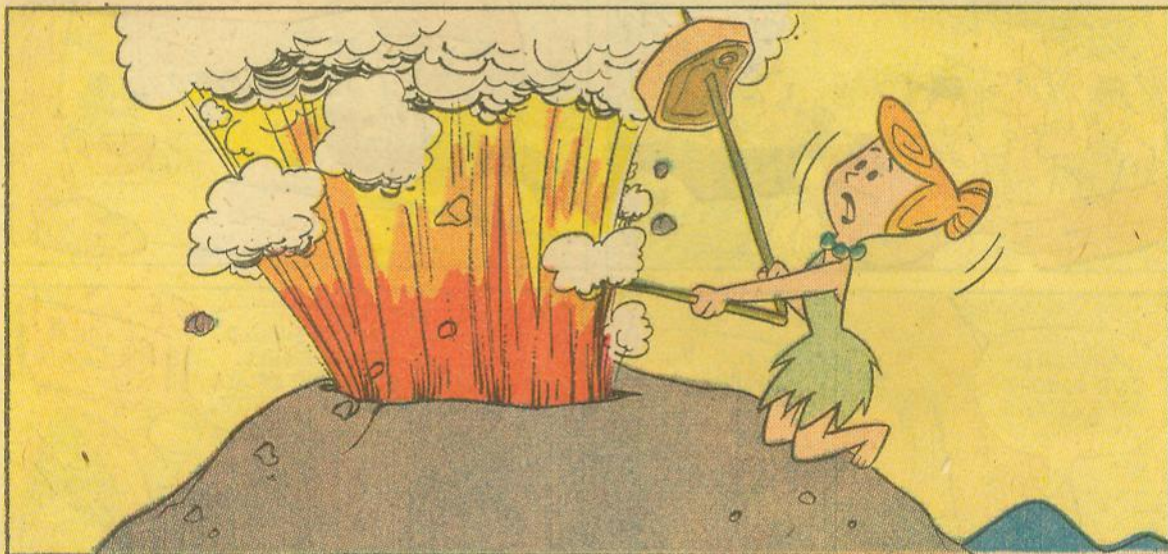
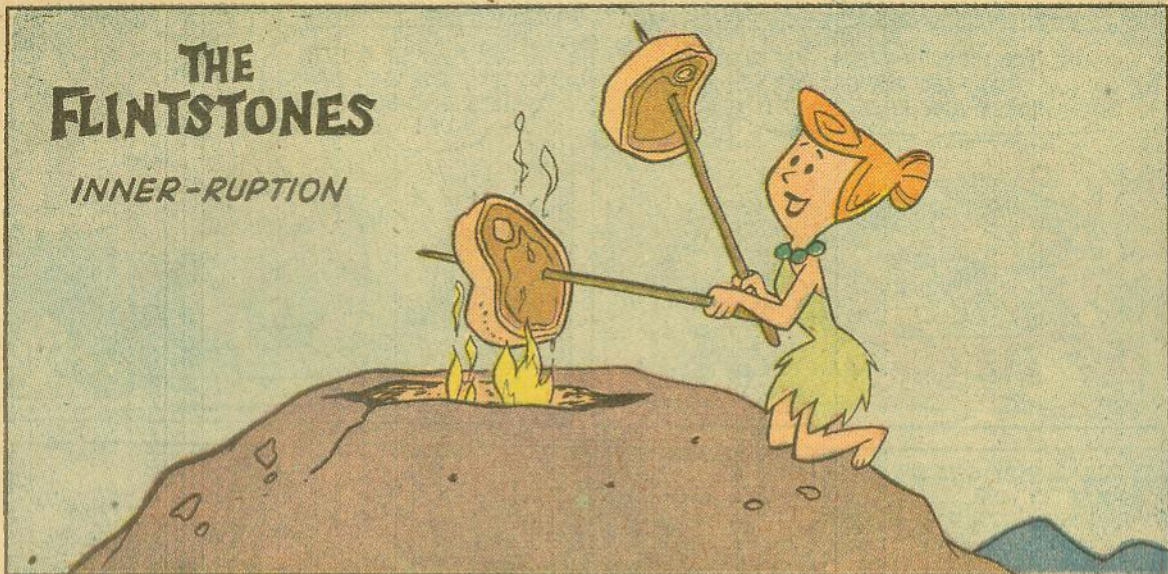






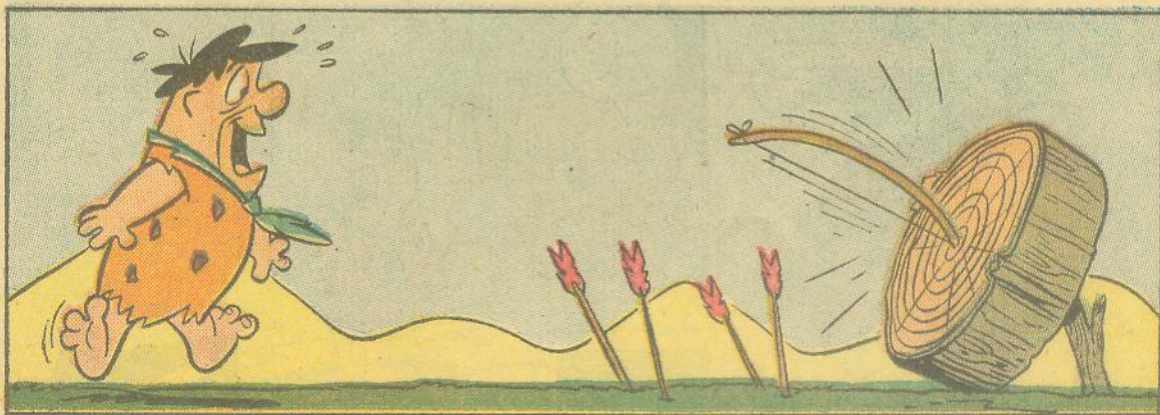
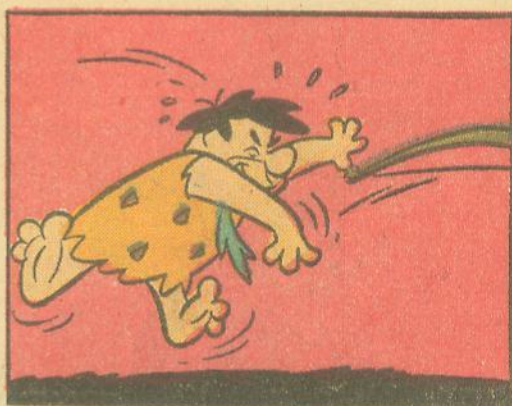
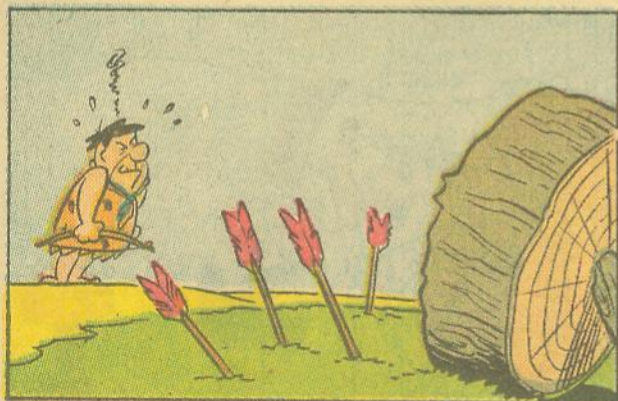
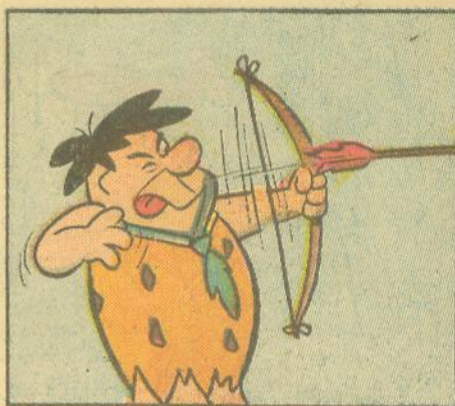
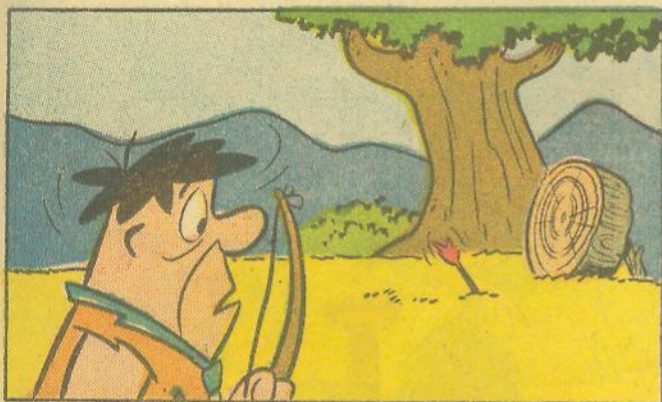
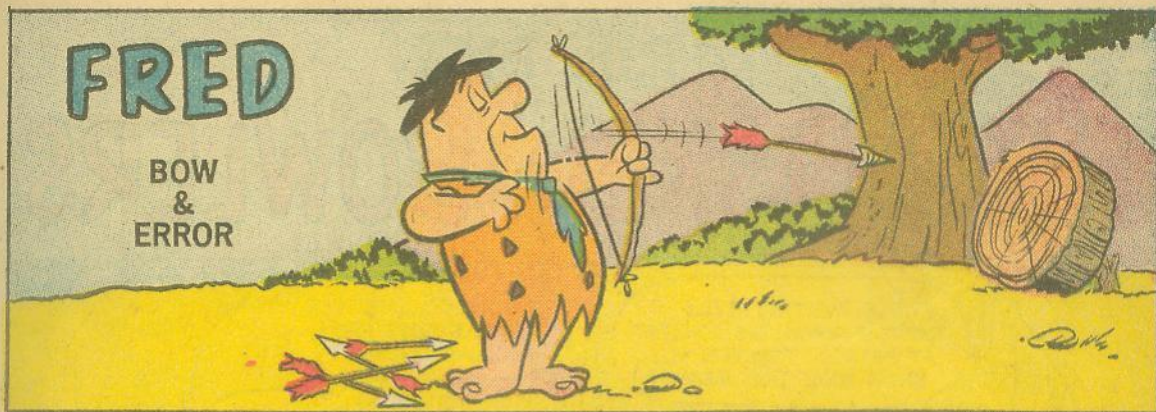
THE FLINTSTONES

INNER-RUPTION



FRED

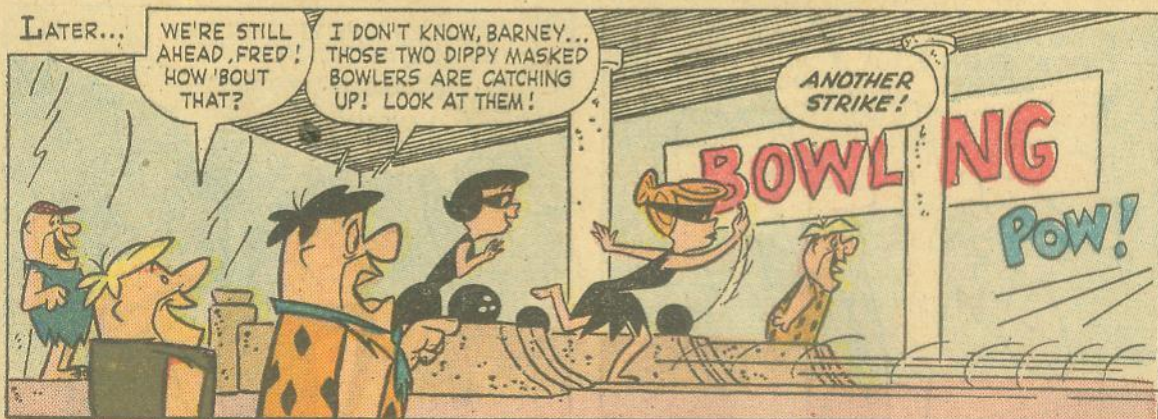
BOW
&
ERROR



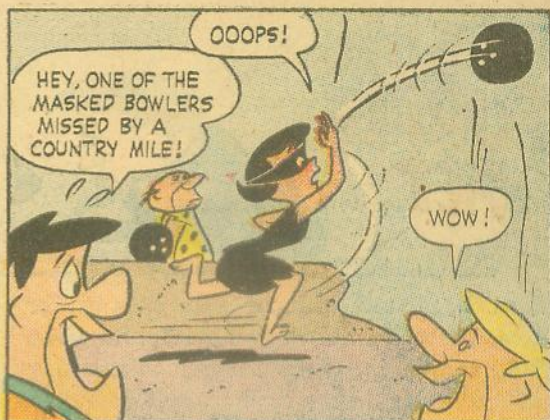
THE FLINTSTONES

THE MASKED BOWLERS









THE PURPLE PET



Aunt Sara Stone did not want pets in her cave. She said so often and loudly. So when Sally and Sandy Stone trudged in one day with a big purple egg they had found in Dreary Swamp, she put her foot down.

"You cannot bring that egg in here!"

"But, Aunt Sara, it's not a pet," Sally cried. "And we'd like to have something to play with while we visit you."

• "It's just an egg," pleaded Sandy.

Aunt Sara shuddered, "I'd hate to think what might hatch from a purple egg! Take it back where you found it . . . and now!"

Before the kids could reach for the egg, there was a cracking sound. A small scaly head looked out of the egg.

"Grek!" croaked the creature.

The egg cracked again and fell completely away, revealing a small, scaly young dinosaur. It was purple . . . with blue eyes.

"It is impossible!" Aunt Sara protested. "There are no purple dinosaurs!"

"Kleep," said the dinosaur, as it rubbed affectionately against Aunt Sara's legs.

"Kleep," it cried again, making a dash for the kitchen, where it devoured three loaves of Aunt Sara's fresh bread.

"Let's call him Albert," Sally suggested.

Aunt Sara groaned, but Albert became a member of the Stone family. She scolded about him; she thought a purple dinosaur was obnoxious. Besides, he ate too much, slept on the couch, and chewed things.

"If I ever get the chance, I'll get rid of you, Albert," Sandy heard Aunt Sara say, one morning. "That's a promise."

"Grumph!" Albert replied, lovingly, for he adored Aunt Sara.

The next morning, Albert was gone. He had disappeared. The kids search for him all through the cliffside village. No one had seen him, and a purple dinosaur was not an easy thing to be overlooked.

Aunt Sara was delighted. Singing merrily, she went about her cleaning and dusting.

But Sandy noticed that she did not throw away the bearskin that was Albert's bed.

Days passed. A week passed. Still no sign of Albert. Aunt Sara continued to be happy that there was no purple pet to chew her best slippers or sleep on the sofa.

"What a joy to be rid of Albert," she said from time to time, but she said it with less and less enthusiasm.

After ten days, Sally discovered that Aunt Sara was putting food outside the door for Albert, after she thought the kids were in bed. Sally watched and she knew that Aunt Sara was disappointed when she found the food untouched every morning.

"Sandy," Sally said at last, "we have to find Albert. Aunt Sara is grieving for him."

"You really think she's ready," Sandy replied with a very smug smile.

"Ready? Ready for what?" Sally asked.

"Why, for Albert to come home," Sandy answered, hopping down from a boulder.

Wondering, Sally followed her brother to a small cave, high up in the cliffs. The entrance to the comfortable cave was partly hidden by a stone slab. Sandy gave a heave and pushed the slab to one side.

"Albert!" he called. "Come, boy!"

The dinosaur came loping to the mouth of the cave, rolling his blue eyes joyfully.

"Go home, Albert. Go on home!"

Albert didn't have to be told twice. He ran as fast as his legs would carry him.

When Sally and Sandy reached Aunt Sara's cave, Aunt Sara was kneeling in the doorway, her arms around Albert's neck.

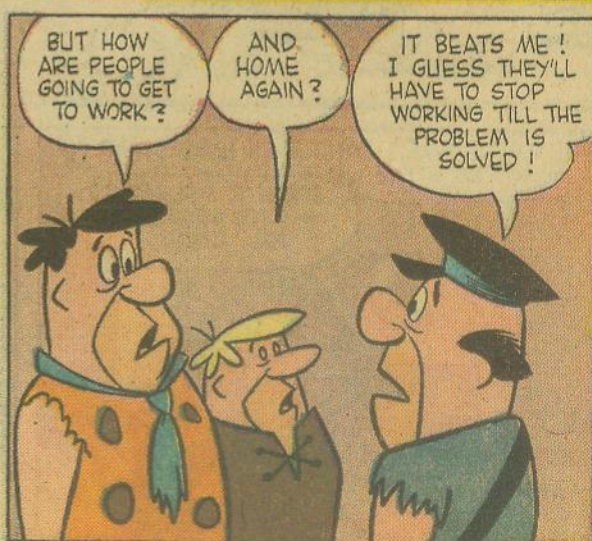
"Albert," she was scolding. "Where have you been? I've been so worried."

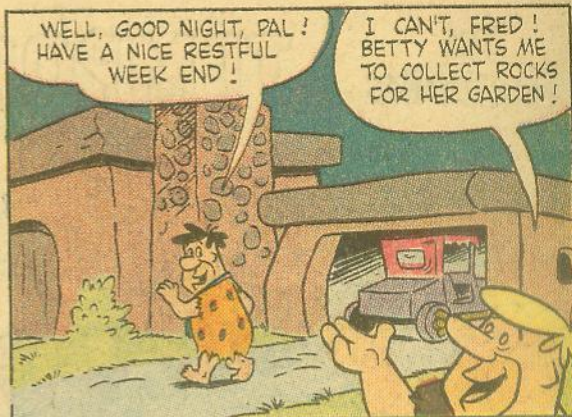
"We found him in the cliffs," Sandy said quite truthfully, but not telling the whole story of how he had fed and cared for the purple pet during its absence.

"Kreck!" Albert croaked happily, glad to be back in Aunt Sara's cave, for he knew now that he was a wanted purple pet.

THE FLINTSTONES

TEMPORARY GENIUS







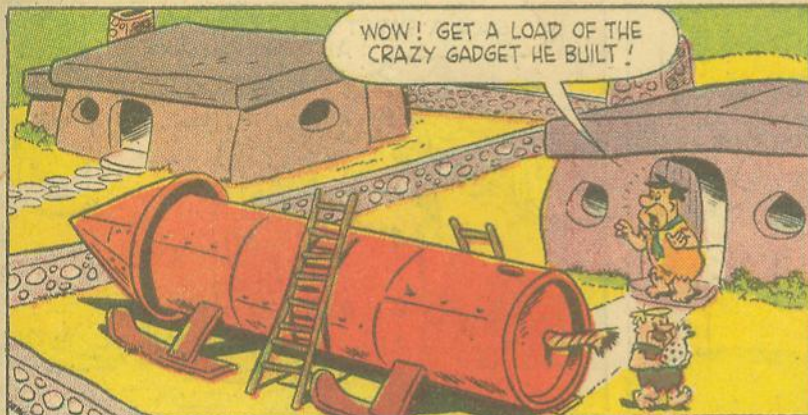
DUM DUM
DE
DUM DEE!

WHAT'S ALL
THIS?

HE'S BEEN MIXING
THINGS EVER SINCE!



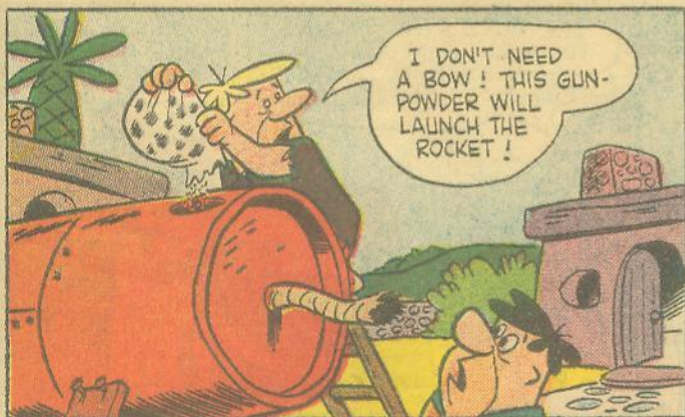
HMMM — SOME KIND OF BLACK POWDER!
I'D BETTER FIND OUT
WHAT HE'S DOING
WITH THAT STUFF!



WOW! GET A LOAD OF THE
CRAZY GADGET HE BUILT!



THAT'S A KING-SIZE
ARROW, BARNEY! WHERE
YOU GONNA GET THE
BOW? HAW! HAW!



I DON'T NEED
A BOW! THIS GUN-
POWDER WILL
LAUNCH THE
ROCKET!



ROCKET? GUNPOWDER? THERE IS NO
SUCH THING AS... OH... I'M SORRY,
PAL! SURE, SURE — IT'LL
WORK SWELL!
JUST TAKE
IT EASY
NOW!



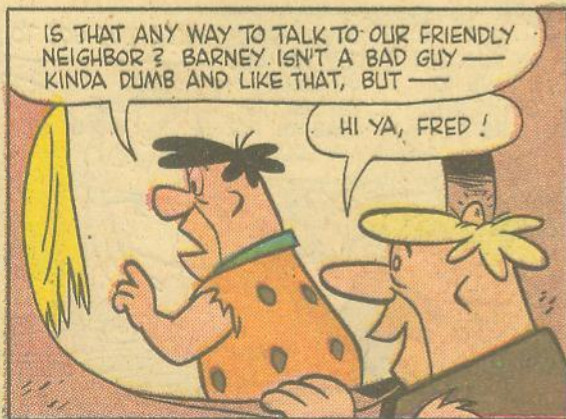
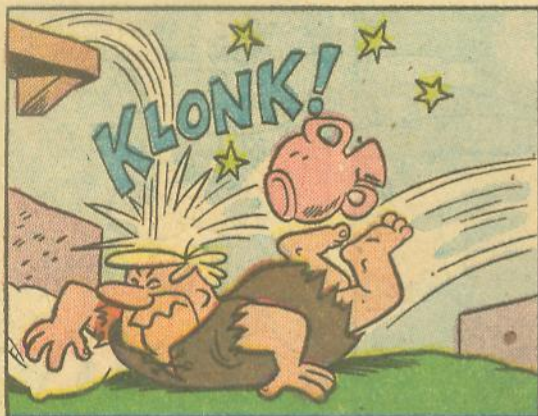
WHEN I'M READY
I'LL JUST LIGHT
THE FUSE
AND POW!

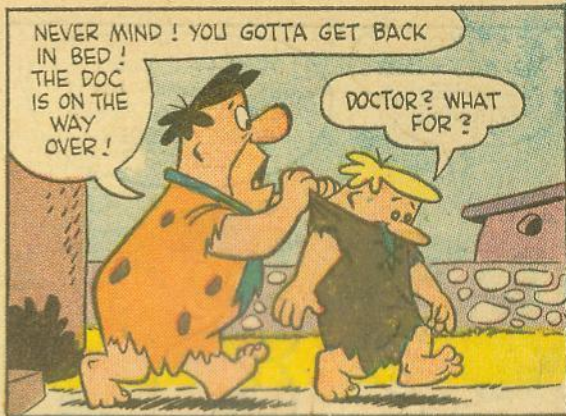
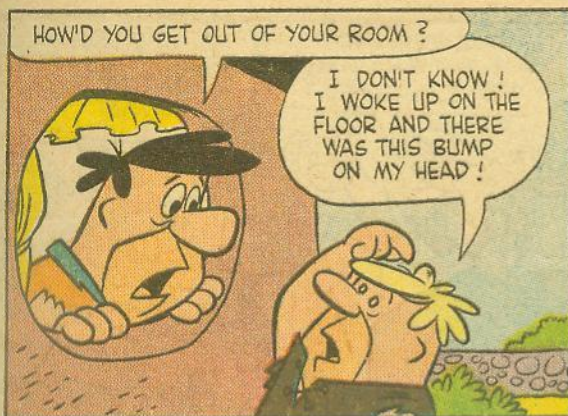
YEAH — POW!
HOW ABOUT A NICE
QUIET REST FIRST?
COME ON, PAL!

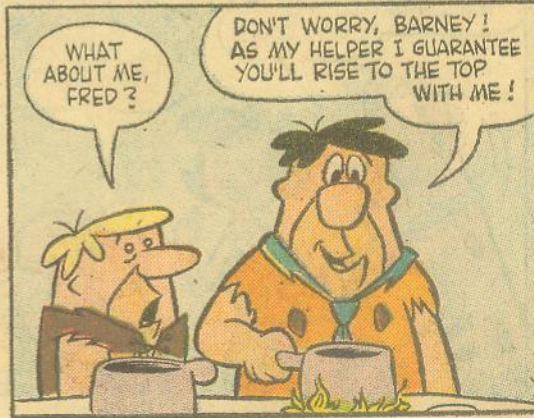
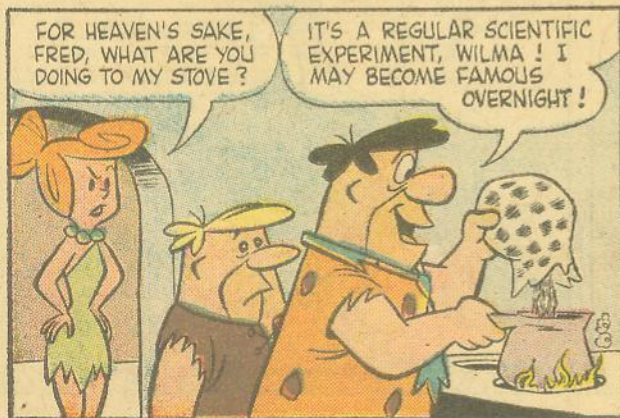
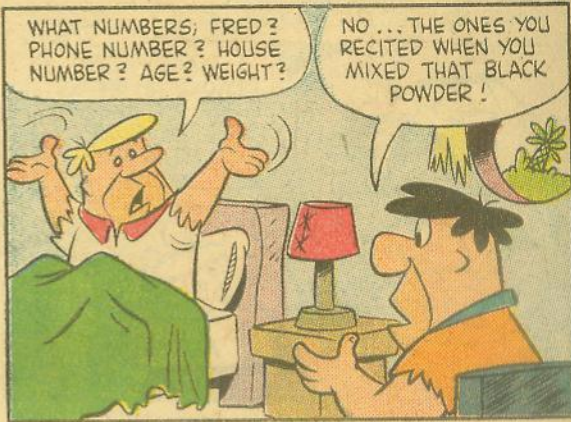


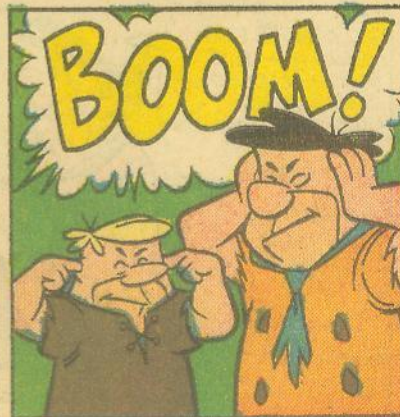
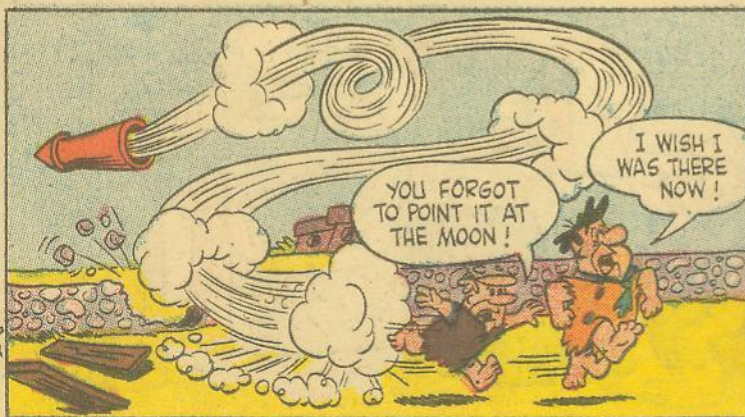
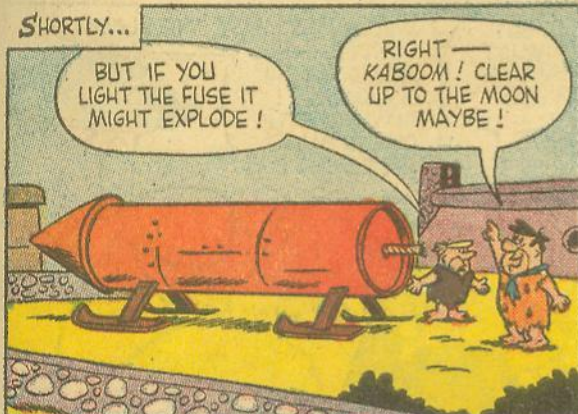
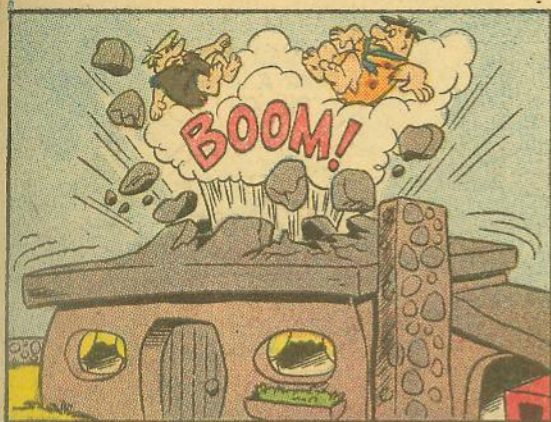
BUT
MY ROCKET!
I HAVE TO
GET IT INTO
ORBIT!

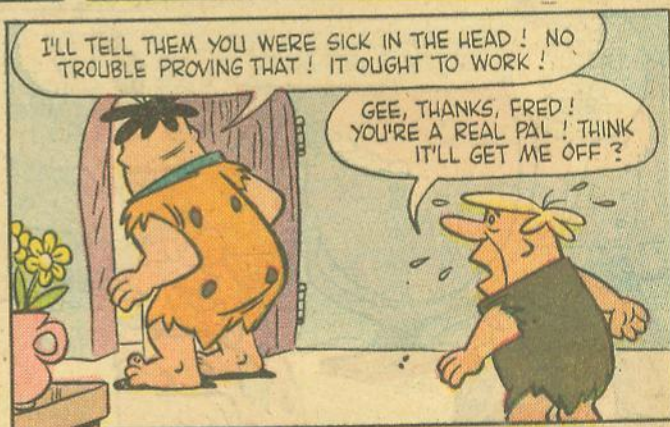
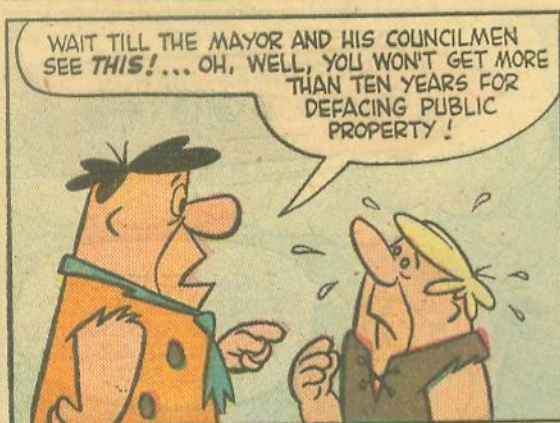
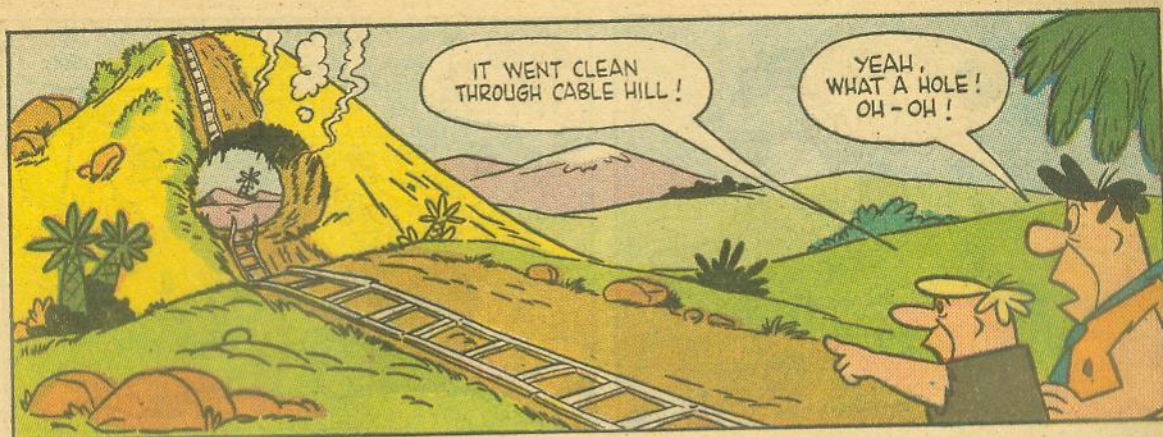
ORBIT — SCHMORBIT! I'VE GOT TO
GET YOU OUT
OF SIGHT
BEFORE THEY
GRAB YOU FOR
A LOONEY!













FRED and WILMA

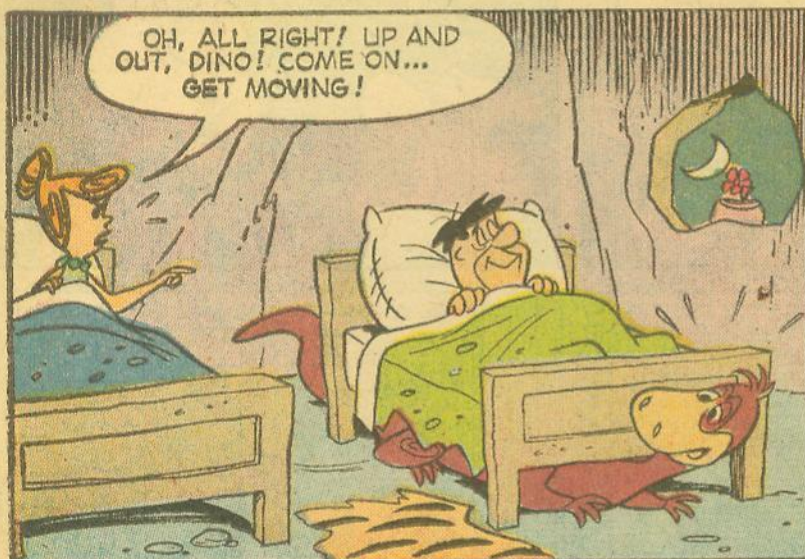
HI-HO BEDSTEAD

FRED, WILL YOU PUT DINO OUT, PLEASE? HE'S UNDER YOUR BED!

I'M TOO TIRED, WILMA! YOU DO IT!



OH, ALL RIGHT! UP AND OUT, DINO! COME ON... GET MOVING!

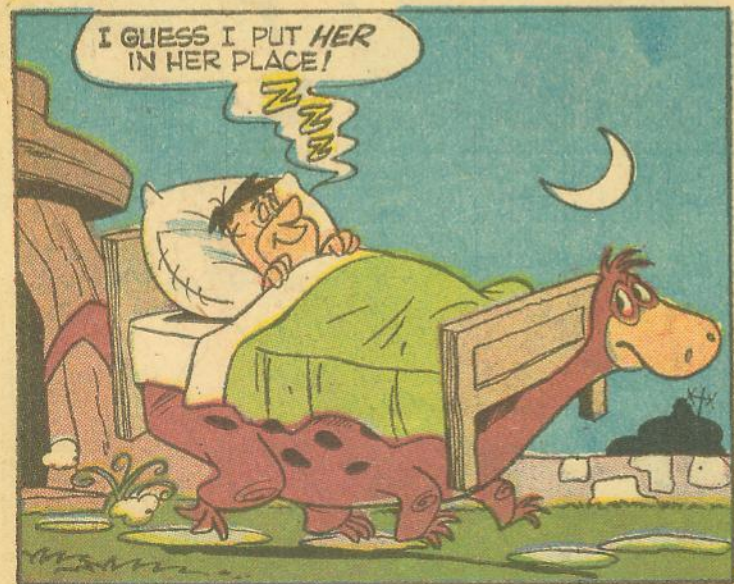


GO ON... SHOO... OUTSIDE!

YAWN!



I GUESS I PUT HER IN HER PLACE!



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THE FLINTSTONES

ROCK-A-BYE-BYE

